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## The Sentinel.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

SUNDAY, MAY 17. OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street.

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CLEAN up the streets, alleys, cellars and LET the arrangements for Decoration Day

THE Indianapolis Artillery won the first prize yesterday at New Orleans.

THE Kansas Supreme Court has been called upon to decide whether prayer in a juryroom is allowable. We have no doubt that it is, but it is impractical.

In the event of war with Rassia English ships would very probably be for sale cheap in American harbors, and Americans ought to be able to buy them. But our intelligent laws make that impossible.

A waites in Blackwood is led to recall the fact that the law's inflictions have altered very much within the period that he can recollect. I remember to have seen a man whipped in the market place. "I have seen a man in the stocks I have seen and heard a man condemned to death for sheep-steal- ever, this is highly figurative and backed by

An educated Chinaman prettily explains the ignorance of Chinese women. He says: "Woman has no need to perfect berself; she is born perfect, and science would teach her neither grace nor sweetness-those two lords of the domestic hearth inspired by nature.' This is probably the idea of all who oppose the higher education of women.

It is suggested and well worthy of noie that the public anxiety in regard to General Grant has made thousands of children eager questioners as to the whys and wherefores of the civil war, and stories of the old commander's patience, considerateness, per sistence, and abiding faith are well calculated to give the youngsters the right idea of the men who participated in the great struggle. Children rately make light of things that appeal to them from the balo of patriotism or sacredness.

WE think the scare on the subject of foreign competition in the production of wheat is about over. There are only three countries na med which are at all likely to compete with America-Russia, Australia and India, Of these, Rassia is producing less wheat than in times past; Australia will scarcely produce more than will be required at home for a term of years; as regards India the actual cost of wheat to the Indian farmers is 551/2 cents per bushel, while the cost of transportation is decidedly in favor of the United States.

FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW. O. W. Limerin, in the Danbury News, gives some statistics by way of comparison, which are not only interesting but suggestive. He says: "Fifty years ago calloo was twenty-five cents per yard, now five cents; broadcloth from \$5 to \$6 a yard; Kentucky jeans seventyfive cents, now twenty-five, and about as cheep then as now. Then the women spun the yarn and wove the cloth; then it went to the carding machine, was pulled, colored, made ready to make into clothes, the tailor out the garments and the seamstress made the clother and had from twenty five to fifty conts a day and worked from twelve to four-

they believed in home manufactures.

Fifty years ago one could have a decent log cabin. burial for \$5, now \$50 is very cheap; then a coffin would cost \$5, few but paupers use or flies now; then caskets were not in fashion then people thought God was no respecter of certons, apparently they think He will respect the coffin now, especially if a costly monument mark the grave. These few items suggest the thought that some one rules. It is not cotton, neither is it corn; it is some one from over the sea and its name is "Fashion." and it rules with a rod of iron."

THE POESY PASSION.

There is a disease with which most every one is afflicted at certain times in his lifei) at is the passion to write poetry. This disease shows itself in two forms. One to write spring poelry: the other poems of lovesweet effusions of despairing lovers. Some victims are more sorely afflicted than others with this poetic contagion-tome suffering extremely while others have only a mild attack: a kind of a varioisid as it were - write only one prem and quit. This weakness is excusable to a certain extent in love-forsaken old maids, but when it comes to healthy young men whose sanity is assumed by virtue | tion. of their sex and years, a love poem from their hands is simply unpardonable and detestedly abominable, except in the most critical cases. If one be gifted with poesy heart to loftier themes-not nauseous, lovesick doggerels. When Carlyle spoke of the tended the scope of his assertion to the present century in certain branches of vernacular literature-not literathe dignified sense the term, but stuff. A few brilliant poetic sters have graced this century with their genius, but when this constellation of posts shall have faded and passed away, where shall we look to others to fill their places? They are yet to be born, not manufactured. as some would be poets suppose, who have a delusion that they have a poetic inspiration if they can make ten words rhyme, and if by sacr ficing all traces of thought and sense ing a poet is established bayond doubt. Tais delusion of poetic talent was displayed to the writer by casually seeing an effusion that had been whitt'ed down, by great labor, perhaps, into the shape of a poem, wh therthera was any real sense or postry in it or not. It is a marvel of varbal mechanism and musterlike in its jumble of words and clock-work

of it if given in homeopathic deses-We had wandered away, from the seepy town To the old stone bridge where the creek co ne There was love in the evening. The balmy

Thrice kissed by flowers, as it were-

Waited with mofor a kiss from her,

As she tangled a red rose in her hair,

rhyming. There were three links in the

"poem," but we will not be guilty of the in-

humanity of terturing the reader with all

the poem, but perhaps he can endure a little

As she tangled a red rose in her hair! There now, how is that for poetry? It might do very well to take such a dose as that in a sugar coated pill, or in some other tisteless way, but to try to swallow the raw material might produce indigestion or a revolution of the stomach. Such a poetic diet would prove too heavy for dyspeptics. Observe the significance of the phrase, "balmy air," which was probably used symbolically to denote the chief characteristic of the "poem"-airy. Whoever saw a love poem, strictly amorous ramember, that didn't have something in it about "the old bridge and creek?' Love and this style of architecture seem to be coexistent-one materially associated with the other with poetic maniacs. Again, the nursed and petted melancholy and the wasteful and opulent gush of "fine language," are calculated to make a man have the nightmare. If the would-be poet, when he said "we had wandered away," etc., has only kept on wandering and never come back, mankind would have thanked him for the favor, but it seems that he had some grudge at the editor, so he wreaked his vengeance by contributing this "poem" to his paper. Our sympathies are with the persecuted. This is the first instance we ever heard of "The balmy air waiting for a kiss." It must have been suffering from the same ma'aria that the post was. Howpoetic license. Consequently, our uncultivated minds are not susceptible to the subtle beauty lurking there. There is beauty there, nevertheless, just as there is beauty in a turnip, if it could only be seen. Some indulgence might have been allowed the post for once writing the line, "As she tangled a red rose in her bair," but when he deliberately repealed it, it seems like premeditated Arp," Mr. Smith gave to print slaughter. One bad pill is bad enough, but series of carica ure letters upon occurring two are worse. We would like to whisper, "How sweet!" "How eloquent!" but conscience forbids it. If there were any fears of a blighted crop of poets this year, we might encourage this poet to come sgin, but this year is the time set for the locust plague, and as calamities never come singly. we think the full crop of poets will come along with the other pests. So our advice to him is to gather up pen and other poetry machinery and retire to some secluded cave (one that will tumble in on him is pretarred) and don't return until he has refermed and is conscious that his poetical talent was a

deceiving hallucination. THE speculative spirit now and then leads "foul invader," for the stream was too deep to the acquisition of a fortune, which is to be forded. But in the midst of their denoised abroad as due to the inherent capac- votions one of the fathers springs up with the ity of the individual, but it will be found by exciamation: "Good sakes, boys! Do you those who watch the matter closely that very reckon them Yankees can swim?" The sugfew fortunes are made outside of regular gestion caused a panic, and the fathers er. legitimate business. If a person is not qualified to prosecute an industry in which he has had years of experience and practice, it is very doubtful if he could succeed in another branch concerning which he knows nothing. Let every man be satisfied in the belief that any substantial and legitimate business well followed will afford a livelihood and some surplus for future contingencies.

An exchange well says: "The country may not believe much in blooded families, but it should not weigh against a man because his grandfather occupied a position of honor. The mere fact makes him none the better nor the worse," This is true; peither should it weigh in his favor; but the fact that a man parades anything of the kind is sufficlent evidence that he at least expects it to. An American citizen is just what he is him- dash-board of his cart. This done, he drew

to the stores and get ready-made clothing; ence to his fellow men whether his father | hole and tied a knot in the end, inside the came from blooded stock or was raised in a

> IGNORANCE of elementary chemistry has caused the severe illness of forty-three people in Connecticut, who ate ice cream made in a tin freezer with a galvanized fron bottom. The dampness set up galvanic action between the two metals and poisoned the

> > WAR DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

BY ROB ROV-NO. V.

A conspicuous character within the Southern lines, not accorded the natice he marits in the war's history, was the refugee. His relation to the military service was that of avant courier to the Union armies. And it was easily ascertained from the gait of the refugee about how near the invaders were. If he was apparently contented with the locomotion of his mule or ox team. Sherman was some distance behind him. But when the refugee was observed applying the whip to his team, the while casting an uneasy glance backward over his shoulder, it might be depended on that Sherman was in mo-The refugee's first start was, perhaps, from Kentucky, The "Yankees" were marching

in the direction of his house, so he bundled up the bedding and set wife and children and a vivid imagination let him tune his | upon it in a covered wagon and struck southward. The negroes were along also, he women and children in another wagon, eighteenth century as 'an age of shams and | the men and boys driving the stock and windy sentimentalities," he might have ex. cattle. The wagons contained commissary supplies and cooking utensils, while a cocop of chickens was suspended to the rear end of one of them. The old watch dog was a member of the caravan and the children had brought along their pet kittens. The refugee had not started for any particular place. He had left bome temporarily until the Confederates should discover the invaders and drive them back across the Ohio. So he proceeded a distance of fifty miles or so and camped near a telegraph station where he might get the news of the enemy having been routed, after which his party would return home. But after a while he they are lucky enough to conjure up two found the Yankees were appreaching the gees in 1863 4 5, they appear to have been and all the daughters of music should be her with fears for its safety successive thymes, their consciousness of be. felegraph station, and with a number of his among the very worst sufferers by the war. brought low. At the end of two years Mrs. and made sleep simply impossible. new neighbors swelling the procession he extended his trip fifty miles further. But the boys in blue continued to follow, and the refugee found himself and family and possessions in Tennes es, and then in Georgia, and finally down by the Atlantic where, blockade vessels forbidding an attempt to swim across, he camped on the sands, where

Sherman at last overtook him. The refugee class which went South from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, nun bered tens of thousands. The object of many in moving was to prevent their slaves from making the acquaintance of the Unio armies. Others desired their families safely distant from possible danger. Accounted by the latter, some who had no slaves to lose. and who were very poor, joined the refugee rat ks. By 1864 Georgia and Alabama were overran by these immigrants. Then as Sherman advanced toward Atlanta the population on his line of march abandoned their homes and took to flight ahead of him. It was there that the term "runagee" was coined. This was intended to distinguish between these who emigrated in good time and those others who waited until the enemy were in sight and then scurried away. In nothing else was the faith of the people in General J. E. Johnston better illustrated They believed with each day that Johnston would drive Sherman back on the next, and so very many of the villagers and townspeople between Chicamauga and Attheir packed sat upon trunks deferring moving in the vain hope that Johnston would, now, repel his antagonist and they be privileged to stay at home. But, anon, word would come that General Johnston was falling back, and then the household goods would be dumped into the wagon and the household gods and goddesses seated among them, when the driver's whip would crack, and with regretful giances at the good home which was to be in ashes be fore their return to the spot, the "runagees" were away on a tour of uncertainty and

The little city of Rome was declared by the newspapers to be safely within the danger line-Sherman might reach Dalton, Ringgold and even Calhoun, but there were too many mountains and watercourses protecting the namesake of the Eternal City. Among the noble Romans was one Charles H. Smith, a lawyer with a numerous and interesting family. Ad pting for a pseudonym the name of a half-witted but good-humored fellow-townsman, "Bill events which brought smiles upon many a face that had cause to be wrinkled from care; for those were dark and portentous days. "Bill Arp's" experience as "The Roman Runsgee" should be in permanent print in some volume of humors. The Romans were told positively up to a certain day that Johnston would stand at Adairsville and that Sherman would be sent pell-mell northward. But suddenly news came that Johnston was again retreating and Rome to be left unguarded. Then the fathers, Arp among them, went down and burned the bridges spanning Rome's Tiber-the Etowah-and kneeled upon its southern bank to express gratitude over its being thus saved from the dered the Romans, great and small, to emigrate, and that quickly. Among the first to leave was Arp's old bachelor friend. "Big John" (Underwood), who weighed 400 and owned no carriage. He found the livery stable turn-outs all engaged and every reigh. bor actively engaged in greasing the wheels of his own vehicle. But about sugget Arp saw "Big John" seated in a small cart with shafts behind a very small steer in harness, the equipage wending in the direction where Sherman was not. It was dawn the following morning before the Arps-father, mother and nine young children-rolled away in a wegon. Four miles out they overtoo's Big John, who had traveled all night and only progressed thus far. His team was halted at

a ferm house, where he had borrowed an

augur and was boring a nole through the

dash. "My harness is weak," he explained, "but if Buck's tail doesn't break I am going straight to the top of Stone Mountain, where no Yankees can ever climb." As Bill Arp bade him good bye he fell into meditation, in which he composed the following

lines to his friends: Farewell, Blg John, farewell; O, bow it pains my heart To see thy chances of escape Hung on that steer and cart

Methinks I see thee now. With axletrees all broke, And spokes with nary hub at all, And hubs with nary spoke,

But though the mud is deep, Thy wits will never fail; Thy faithful steer will pull thee out If thou wilt hold his tail.

I have heard and read of panics and have seen one or two, as when announcement is made in a convention of strong minded women that a wild mouse is loose in the hall. But the liveliest panic I was ever familiar with was that in a refugee wagon train about a mile in length, when one of Wheeler's Confederate cavalrymen in a scampish spirit of fun met the train and dashed past it down the road, shouting that a regiment of "Yankee" cavalry was just ahead and coming to capture the refugees. The negroes were as badly frightened as the white people, and, their excitement soon affecting the teams, there was confusion, which every minute became worse confounded. In the wild efforts to turn in the narrow road one or two wagons were upset and the mules of one wagon ran into and became entangled with those of another. The women fell to screaming, the children to crying, dogs to barking, Christians to praying and drivers to swearing. Some of the wagoners in the middle section of the train threw down a fence and drove, Jehu-like, across a field of growing corn. Others left their wagons to the care of the colored drivers and betook themselves to the woods lying on one side of the road. Wheeler's man who caused this scare, with its attending confusion, would have found it unsafe to return past the wagon train when, two hours later, it was learned that there was no Federal force within twenty miles and none at all in front.

In recalling the experiences of the refu-

They were composed of old or disabled men,

women and children, and their colored dependents. There were great numbers of people who had enjoyed every comfort in life, tramping on and on as I have described, camping like gypsies, even in mid winter. Sometimes a mother was alone with her children and servant, the husband being in the ranks or having fallen in them. Families who up to the outbreak of the war had lived and loved, and had been happy in tranquil homes, had become nomads among strangers, with only desolation behind them. hardships their present lot and the darkness of uncertainty before them. They were innocent of any share in bringing on or of continuing the dreadful conflict, but though innocent, the cruel hand of war had driven all its comforts. And next graves dug in the South by the same cruel hand, the most pathetic eventuation of the war was the return of the retogees to their former homes. The line of march of the armies of Sherman and Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta was left a broad tand of charcoal and ashes, with only chimneys standing as sentinels to guard the ruins that had been made. When Sherman had swept onward to the sea, and the Confederate forces gone from North Georgia, the refugees began returning. There were women and children, as well as old men, who plodded on foot, having lost the teams that moved them away and the ra Iroad being torn up. Many of the returning ones found the bulletscarred tree-tops upon their grounds, the

only shelter to welcome them. It was a trying experience—that of the refugees of the war. But perhaps it was serviceable in fitting them to endure the privations that lay before them while toiling to rebuild and retrieve. But certain it is that the Cherokee country, between Atlanta and Chattanooga, which suffered most devastation by the war, is now the most beautiful and thritty region of the South.

HE was only twenty-eight years old, and, with his heavy head, was a thoroughly modern young man; he had no idea of not taking advantage of all the modern conveniences. He regarded the missive of mankind upon earth as a perpetual evolution of telegrams; everything to him was very much the same, he had no sense of proportion or quality; but the newest thing was what came negrest exciting in his mind the sentiment of respect .- Description of a journalist in Henry James's "The Bostonians," The Cen-

Robbed by Two Boys. Mrs. Cameron Allen, of 24 East Prati street, while walking down Meridian street yesterday afternoon had a satchel snatched out of her hand by two boys who were standing at the siley opposite the Blind Asylum. The boys ran west through the alley to Illinois strest. and escaped. The satchel contained six silver dellars and a pair of gold speciacles, which belonged to her husband, Rev. Cameron Allen, now deceased. Mrs. Allen describes the boys as being well dressed, and about thirteen or fourteen years old.

Mexican Orchestra. Arrangements have been consummated for the reappearance of the celebrated Mexican Typical Orchestra in this city on the 29th inst, when they will give concerts afternoon and evening at Plymouth Church. Their previous engagement here was so limited that they were gone before the majority of theater goers even knew they were gere. Those who did attend their concerts were more than delighted, for they were original and highly enjoyable.

Preparing to Decorate.

The seven local posts, G. A. R., and German veterans will unite in the decoration ceremonies on Decoration Day, on Saturday, May 30. Arrangements are making with the Big Four to run special trains from the Union Depot to the Crown Hill switch. Tickets will be put on sale the day before, and the revenue derived therefrom will be devoted to paying the expenses, which promise to be large. Mayor McMaster will deliver the address.

Dr Wilson Appointed. Dr. W. H. Hunter yesterday handed in his resignation as Director of the Southern Prison, to take effect June 1. Tas Governor has appointed Dr. Richard J. Wilson, of Salem, to supply the vacancy.

County Sattlements. The following counties tettled with the Tressurer of State yesterday: Floya, \$19, 264 45; Spencer \$13 967.20; Orange, \$3,059,58; Laporte, \$33 634.87; Lawrence, \$12 614.84; teen hours each day. The farmers did not go | self, and it does not make a particle of differ- the tail of his little steer through the augur | Gibson, \$19,150.46.

YOUNG MR. SMITH.

get up;" and with this he paid fifty

made, the baby again fell asleep, and Mrs.

Smith said she weuld not waken him to give

the medicine, but she was "mighty glad it

was found; medicine is so awful high."

"Yes." he replied, 'that only cost 80 25."

and with this he called his wife near the

table, and placing the medicine nader

the full glare of the lamp continued:

"You see that, don't you? Well, that's the

medicine. Now, if there is anything more

wanted, please say so before I go to bed."

"Well, John," she replied, "you know I told you last night that I didn't think there

was coal enough up to last till

morning and the fire is nearly out. I am

afraid the room is too cold for the baby."

John uttered a cry of anguish, lit another

lamp, went to the cellar with the coal bucket

and finally managed to trudge up stairs with

a bucket of coal. By that time the baby was

again awake, and John, despairing of getting

any more sleep, took the young gentleman

up and succeeded in coaxing him off to

sleep after a half hour's cry. The three

nights' experience was perfectly satisfac-

tory, and Mr. Smith concluded that he

would not begin to economize until young

Mr. Smith should outgrow his colicky ten-

dencies, and that day he hired a nurse "for

Several weeks passed away, and during

this time John lost considerable sleep, not-

withstanding the constant attendance of a

nurse. Mrs. Smith's sympathetic disposi-

tion naturally pecluded the idea of resting

until the baby was perfectly comfortable,

and its slightest movement was enough to

account of her health grew more and more

serious till he became really alarmed. One

bright afternoon he got leave of absence

from his business and proposed to give Mrs.

Smith and the baby a genuine surprise by

taking them buggy riding. He had long de-

sired to take his young hopeful in the neigh-

borhood of the residence of Miss Sarah Jane

Firefly, to whom he had paid some

attention in his younger days, but who, the

gossips said, had rejected his suit. So John

wanted to show her what a fine boy he had

and how happy he was, but he didn't tell

Mrs. Smith that his reasons for taking her

riding were in part a desire to avenge him-

self on Miss Firefly. Mr. and Mrs. Smith

and the baby started out under the most

favorable auspices, that is the baby was

asleep and had ridden several squares before

he showed any signs of waking When

John saw that young Mr. Smith was about

to wake up he turned the horse upon the

dence and touched him with the whip. The

haby began to kick and yell and

John ordered that the shawl should be taken

from around his bead, saying he would stop

crying as soon as he saw the light, but se-

cretly glad that the child had made so good

an excuse for uncovering him just as they

neared Miss Firefly's. As soon as the shawl

vas removed young Mr. Smith was struck by

the cool breeze, and in response he set up a

yell that brought the people to their front

doors, and none sooner than Miss Fire-

fly, who staid there the most of the time

anyhow. John grew red in the face and

whipped the horse into a faster gate, but the

faster he drove the louder the baby cried.

and as they passed Miss Firefly, the baby had

reached a high tenor, and the people in

greater numbers than ever came flocking to

heir doors. This was a grievous disappoint.

ment to John, and to make the matter worse

he was stopped by two policemen and in-

vited to appear the next day and answer to

a charge of fast driving. Too proud to make

an explanation, he settled at long range,

and it will be many moons before he again

street that fronted the Firefly

three years, or during the war."

How His Advent Brought Much Joy to a Father's Heart.

Followed by an Experience Replate With Grievous Disappointments-Characteristic Incidents of Babyhood.

'If there is one thing more than another that breaks a man all up; that takes his appetite, sours his stomach and ruins his digestion; that robs life of all its pleasures and keers him continually oppressed with the icar that he is losing his mind, it is the responsibility that attaches to the work of bringing up a baby." And as Mr. John Smith thus delivered himself he sank back on a chair and looked the very picture of wretchedness. For the purpose of this article it is not necessary to say who Mr. John Smith is or just where he resides, but we content ourselves with losing his identity in the great family of Smiths, to which he belongs and of which he is an honored member, and give an account of his trials and tribulations substantially as related by himself in conversation with a Sentinel representative who asked the cause of the strange remark which forms the introduction bereto.

A ECRAP OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Mr. Smith is working upon a moderate salary, and it was not until he was tolerably advanced in life that he thought be could venture into wedlock, although he often considered the subject and wondered how it was that men, who were not as well paid as he, managed to get along and support a family. Finally he "met his fate" in a bright-eyed, sweet-tempered young lady, many fears his junior, and no man was bappier than Mr. John Smith when he found his love reciprocated. The union was followed by those aspirations so natural to the married state. Mr. John Smith was and though happy his new in relation he imagined that he would be infinitely more so could be see himself reflected in the person of a little Smith, who would be his heir (when he made his fortune) and on whom he could lean for sueport when the almond tree should flourish | waken her, while any restlessness filled Smith presented her husband with a boy-a real, live, bald headed baby. "Just like his fether," the nurse declared; and for the first time since his marriage John was so transported with joy that he feit like going down town and being "one of the boys." This inclination was overcome, however, by the memory of his good resolution, and he determ ined to stay at home and take advantage of the first opportunity to trot young Mr. Smith on his knee.

MR SMITH LEARNS HOW. It was several days before Mrs. Smith would trust the baby with the impatient father, and even then he was interdicted from raising it up. "Just let him lie that way." she would say, as she placed the little fellow on her husband's lap, so wrapped up that nothing was visible but its face. And there it lay, the very picture of innoceace and beauty, unconscious of the wealth of love that was bestowed upon it, or that so many fond hope; were clusterirg about its young life. But this was not John's idea of holding a baby, and one day, when its mother was not watching. John uncovered its head and held it up egainst his bresst trying to see into the depths of its bazel eyes. Just at this moment young Mr Snith's head fell forward, and that portion of his dinner which couldn't conveniently lay on his stomach was deposited on the bosom of his father's shirt. To make matters worse, Mr. Snith had neglected to take his shirts to the laundry till they were all soiled, the one he had on, and he had merning sent them to the wash ter changing. That day John turned his collar inside out, put on a large tie to hide his shirt front, cleaned the lacteal fluid from his vest and, after nightfall, came down town and purchased a new shirt. After that experience he held the baby according to Mrs. Smith's directions, and when he wanted to look into the "deptns of its hazel eyes." he always imagined that he could do so to better advantage when it lay flat upon his

A FIT OF ECONOMY CURED, At the end of two weeks John concluded

that it was the part of prudence to practice

economy in his household, and the nurse was dismissed, John saying to Mrs. Smith: Now, if you want anything in the night, just call me. I am perfectly willing to help you, and I think we had better begin to economize for our boy's sake." So that night whenever the baby cried John was on his feet in an instant, warmed the cloths for | hadn't made his happiness as apparent to the baby and poured out the soothing syrnp. Mrs. Smith was so much impressed with his assiduous attention that she could not refiain from remarking: "John. I do know you are the best man in the world." John begged her not to "mention it." ard it wasn't long before she saw the justice of following his advice. That night young Mr. Smith was very wakeful and John found himself in a very sleepy mood when at his work next day. He hoped to get a good night's rest, however, and went home and retired early, but this time saying to Mrs. Smith, "Ma," (he loved to address her in that way) "if you really need me in the night, call me 'This change in the order was not noticed by Mrs. Smith, so she called her betterhalf gether Mr. Smith lost another night's rest. By this time young Mr. Smith could have more colic than any three babies in town. and he began to keep the people for a square around all awake. The third night John betook himself to an adjoining room, but lefs no order to be called in the event that he was needed. Mrs. Smith fait slighted as John closed the door, for she failed to see why he should leave her to take care of the baby alone when she had lost more sleep than he. For an nour the werried with young Mr. Smith, but finding it impossible to quiet him, the went to her husband's and asked him please to go to the drug store and get some soothing syrup. John couldn't well refuse this, and off he went. When he returned he handed Mrs Smith the bottle, took a look at young Mr. Smith, whose face presented the appearance of an aggregation of corkscrews, and again went to bed. In another hour young Mr Smith bad developed symptoms which a'arned his mother, and again she ventured to her husband's bedside. 'John," said she, "won't you go for the doctor. I believe the baby is really ill." An hour was consumed in getting the doctor o the house, and Mr. Smith was just in the act of getting into bed when his wife entered the room and said he would have to go to the drug store and have a prescription filled. "Why in the deuce didn't he bring medicine with him?' was the snappish gested. The wakening process put the child answer as the husband procesded to don his in a bad humor, and an hour was lost in clothes for the third trip out. But it was no trying to work the corkscrews out of its face. Finally it was placed in the chair, easy matter to get a clerk up at 2 a. m. and Mr. Smith ratiled the doors, banged on the acd the little bell, the handkerchief and a dozen other contrivances windows and shouted through the brought into requisition to get him key holes of three drug stores fore he could rouse a clerk. to remain quiet All failed, and Mrs. Smith took the chair with the baby on her this time he was thoroughly aroused' lap. This was no better, and John took the bimself, and, as the clerk appeared at the child, placed it upon the chair, and told the door, he exclaimed: "Why in the dance ertist to "shoot his tools," saying, "I'll pay don't you come when a man calls you? D) for them, no matter what they look like. you think a fellow can stand here all night and bang around your doors just for fun? The artist protested, and asked if they could not come back again. "No," replied John. Fill that-" and as he spoke he slammed his band down on the top of a show case this is his good day, and confound me if I

ard broke the glass into a thousand pieces

"Don't mention it" said he, as he saw

the ruin he had wrought. "I will pay the bill. I have a notion to buy a drug store

surprises his wife and baby with a buggy ride. "Take him in and keep him there till he learns some sense," said John graffly as he placed the child in its mother's arms when they reached home. "If I suffer many more disappointments in this way I'll go raving mad," and he sent the buggy to the stable, feeling that Miss Firefly could not see much in the child to envy, and after all he her as he had expected. SECURING A PHOTOGRAPH. The next day John received a letter from his aged mother, who lives in a distant country town asking that a photograph of her grandson might be sent as soon as possible. 'I am growing old," she said, "and I desire above all things to see a nicture of the child upon whom the family name depends." John did not fear that the Smith name would ever run out, but this was his mother's fancy and he wanted to gratify her with a picture of his boy. Besides, she had a small piece of property where she lived, and John thought she might make young Mr. Smith her sole heir if she took a fancy to him on count of his picture. So that night John and his wife held a long consultator, but Mrs. Smith, naturally timid, was afraid to undertake such a thing as having the baby sit for a picture. John met all of herobjections, and finally closed the argument by saying, "Well, you know he is good every other day, and as to morrow is his good day, we'll have the pictures taken." That night John dreamed hat the photographs had teen taken successfully, and when they came home they were so lifelike that they actually smiled when looked upon. And then, so changed the spirit of his dream, old Mrs. Smith met with a fatal secident, but her will was made in favor of the baby and he now had the nucleus about which to gather his fortune when he became of age. John awoke next morning highly pleased with the indications for a good "sitting," though he could not help feeling a little sad on account of the part that his mother would play if the dream had properly foreshadowed the events. So the beby was arrayed in its best bib and tack and the gallery readed without accident or an noyance. Several customers were present and, under the barber shop rule, baby had to wait its turn, in a photograph gatlery. It fell asleep and when turn came John insisted that it should be waked up, claiming that it would look like a corpse if taken asleep, as its mother sag-

don't have a picture of some sort." The

artist took the picture, and a week later sent

The right eye was entirely gane, and the

them to the house, and beauties they were.

anyhow, you infernal clerks are so hard to lieft eye was situated exactly in the 1 465.

cents for the medicine and \$8 75 for the was standing squarely on the left gisse. As might be imagined, Mr. Suith cheek, the mouth was wide ogen under did not return home in a very good humor, the burrof the right ear and the chin had and this was not improved when he found entirely disappeared. After looking at the the baby eleeping, and Mrs. Smith said she half dozen for a short time, John passed thought it could get along without the medthem over to his wife without remark. She icine "But what's the matter, John?" she gazed long and intently upon them and asked, as she saw blood on his hand, "Oh looking up. said: "Well, that embroidered nothing," he replied, "I just killed a drug dress took nicely, anyhow." This was too clerk, that's all," and with this comforting much for human endurance, and Mr. Smith remark he ggain retired at 3:30 a.m. John left the house in a desperate mood from which had just fallen into a sound sleep be found relief only in unbosoming himself when he was awakened by some one pulling to the first man be met and who happened at his shoulders, and, looking up, Mrs. to be a Sentinel reporter. In concluding his Smith said: "John, what in the name of story Mr. Smith said: "I have written goodness did you do with the medicine? I mother, saying that our artist is spending a can't find it anywhere, and the baby needs few months in Europe and that we will have t." John rabbed his eves, yawned and photographs of the baby taken as soon as finally comprehended what was wanted. he returns, being un willing to trust any but But what had become of the medicine? A the very best telent in so important a matter look for an hour about the room, out in the as taking a photograph of our boy. I think hall, and the baby screeching like a Comanthat will be satisfactory for the present," he che all the time, failed to develop anything, added, "but at any rate I'll not try the exand Mr. Smith was just on the eve of going periment again very soon.' down town sgain when he found the package in his vest pocket, just where he had not thought of looking. As this discovery was

middle of the forehead.

Placed Under Bonds.

Rosa Klepfer yesterday instituted surety of the peace processings sgainst Frank Feneyer in 'Squire Feibleman's Court, and also began an action sgainst him to establish the paternity of her child. Ross was a witness a few days ego in the same court, at which time she test fied that she was Feneyer's wife, and that they were living together on South Pennsylvania street. Her maiden name was Sauers and she lived a few miles from the city. She afterwards married a man named Klepper, from whom she was divorced and by whom she had two children. Yesterday she and Feneyer had a quarrel, he saying he was going away. She said if he intended to abanden ber she should file against htm. upon which he swore that if she did she would be a dead woman the same day. The 'Souire bound Frank over on the first charge in the sum of \$300, and on the second in the sum of \$200. Not being able to give bond Frank went to jail. R sa says he abandoned his wife to live with her.

The Target Shooting Association, The Indianapolis Target Shooting Association met yesterday and organized by electing the following officers:

President-George Pinu. Vice President - George Mannfeld.

Secretary-William Wiegel. Executive Committee-W. F. Rupf, John Rauch, . Smith, George Pian. George Mannfeld, Heary Russe, A. M. Alexander, Robert Kiop, Christ, Brink, John Huegele, J. R. Forbes, C. G. Muetler, George Reyer, F. Merz, J. L. Bie er, F. A. Mans, Philip Zapf, Emil Martin, A. M. Kunn, Joe Cabalzer, Ernest Kitz, August Ritzinger, William

The Executive Committee has been given charge of the approaching shooting tourns-Under these circumstances she began to ment of the Western Sharp Shooters grow pale and wan, and John's anxiety on | League, to be held in this city from the 16th to the 21st, inclusive, of next month. There will be over 1.000 delegates to the tournsment, and will be one of the largest delegate meetings held in the Mississippi Valley.

St. Vincent's Fair.

The fair held for the benefit of St. Vincent's Hospital during the week at Masonic Hall closed last night. The fair has been very successful, and has attracted large crowds, that of last evening being too dense for comfort. Among the articles won last night were a black silk dress by Mrs. Burgenthal, a handsome doll by Mrs Burgoon's daughter, a baby dress by Miss Mary Pohlman, a baby carriage robe by Mrs. S. Muchl and a pannel picture by H. B. Stout. The most popular baby was that of John Pohlman, the gift being a handsome baby cab. The fancy doll was won by D. Wecheler. There was a miscount on the casir, and it will be announced to morrow. The vote on the veil was 1.187 for St. Patrick's Church, 2.944 for St. John's and 5,365 for St. Joseph's Church. The receipts during the week will foot up between \$4,000 and \$5 000.

Husbandmen at War.

Corydon R. Shimer and Charles Hartman, farmers of Warren Township, have managed to get into the courts, the former being defendant in a replevin suit and the latter defendant in surety of the peace proceedings, Shimer took up a calf as an estray Friday, which Hartman afterward claimed to be his and accased Shimer of knowing it. Words ensued and Hartman invited Shimer out to be whipped. The latter was averag to accepting the invitation, partly because he has never recovered from the effects of a goring by a bull last fall. He then filed against Hartman, who retaliated by bringing an action in replevia. Both men are busy planting corn, and for this reason the cases are set for next Friday.

The Art Excursion

Will leave Indianapolis and Chicago simultaneously July 2 for the Alleghanies. Mr Schilling, of the Chicago Art Institute, is now going over the ground prospecting for the loveliest places along the line, and selecting the hotels, arranging for the best accomodations. The circulars will be out in a lew days. Everything indicates a parfect success as regards the parties in numbers and quality; as to the pleasure and profit of the excursion that goes without saying. Miss Ketcham will be glad to give any informstion personally or by letter. Art School, 45 North Pennsylvania street.

Ready for Business

The new Virginia Avenue Rink is receiving the finishing toucher, and will be formally opened to the public next Wednesday evening, the 20th inst. This is the largest, finest and best adapted to the purposes for which it was built of any rink in the S ate. The structure is 150 feet in length by 100 feet in width, with a skating surface of 150 by 75 feet. The seating capacity is about 1,000, and this can be easily increased if found neces sary. The building is well ventilated and lighted, there being windows on each side. Elegant parlors and tollet room have been fitted up for the ladies, and a fine smoking-room prepared for the gentlemen. All conveniences for the comfart of patrons have been fully attended to

Chuich Organized, Sixteen persons at Brightwood met night before last and organized a Methodist Episcopal Church. A new church edifice is to be erected as soon as possible Mr. Savres was elected Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Elliott Chairman of the Board of Stawarde, and Dr. Lampton Superintendent of the Sunday-school.

The Light Artillery Wins.

Trustee Ernst Kitz yesterday received a dispatch from Captain Carlis, who is no rat New Orleans, saying that the Indiscapolis Light Artillery had been awarded the first prize in the drill toprnament in that city yesterday. The friends of the organization will be giad to learn that the boys succeeded so well.

Impure Water.

Considerable interest is being aroused among our citizens by the City Health Officer's reports as to impure water in shallow wells throughout the city. It is not generally known, but it is a fact, altested to by some of our most reputable citizens, as well as physicians, that the Merrill Water Parifying Fountain Spray Pumps are superior to any other device for drawing and purifying water. With the fountain spray attachment below the platform, a constant spray is thrown back, purifying the air and water in the well. Where this pump is used no foul air or damps, nor bugs, water lice, wiggler, thousand legged worms or other insects are found. It will pump more water with leas power than any other pump. It is the only suction pump in the world that constantly carries air to the bottom of the well or cistern, thereby purifying the water. Address the Merrill Pump Company, 220 South Me-ridien street, or Mr. Charles Krauss, the Saperintendent, at the same place. Telephone